

Good Morning 511

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



A.A.G.B. Greets Lt. A. Whitehead (And there's a message for Torps Officer John Marks)

"GOOD MORNING" photographer Snapper Thompson and I had a bet on what A.A.G.B. stood for. We knew all about A.R.P., N.F.S., N.B.G., and R.S.V.P., but A.A.G.B. was a bit of a poser.

"I'll tell you, Barney," said Snapper, as we operated the electric lift to the fourth floor, "it's something to do with the Automobile Association."

And he said some very rude words about submariners not giving the proper addresses of their sweethearts and wives. The building we were in was a block of those super-flats at Granville Court, Jesmond, for which Newcastle-on-Tyne is famous.

The automatic lift stopped with a jerk, and we got out. It was a Sunday afternoon, and, after a good dinner, we both felt more like a nap than some work. However, these submariners don't get Sundays off, we argued, and one in particular—a bloke named Lieutenant Alasair Whitehead—would be darned glad to see the results of our labours.

However, there was still this matter about A.A.G.B. It was answered by a businesslike

young lady in corduroy slacks. We told her about "Good Morning."

Frankly, she didn't believe one word of it. But she perked up when we mentioned Mrs. Whitehead—and a few moments later we solved the mystery of A.A.G.B.

Lieut. Whitehead's pretty wife Vivian leaned back in a cosy chair and laughed. "It stands for American Ambulances, Great Britain," she told us. We nodded wisely, as though we had known about it all along.

We had disturbed Vivian's afternoon nap—one that she had earned. All that night she had been driving wounded from hospital trains to places where they could get first-class attention. They were all straight from the Continent. Many of them were Germans, a handful of fanatical S.S. men.

"One of them remarked that the nurses and drivers were taking great care of the stretcher cases," Vivian told us. A Nazi officer of the arro-

gant type overheard. "So they should," he barked. "We are the master race."

Vivian is housed in about the best billet I have ever struck. It is light and airy, contains plenty of comfy chairs and settees, and A.A.G.B. provide shoals of papers and magazines to while away the leisure hours of the drivers.

And, by the way, Lieut. Whitehead, your request for a photograph of Vivian provided the answer to a question that has often puzzled me.

"Do girls like pin-up men?" is a point I have often mused. The answer must be "No, we like pin-up girls just as much as the men do."

The walls of the A.A.G.B. billet were decorated with bright pictures, just like one finds in the wardroom—so now you know.

Incidentally, there was a message for Torpedo Officer John Marks from Anne Chaytor. Anne sends best wishes, joins with Vivian in wishing you both "A speedy return."

Dying Fighter Wired "I'm Bringing Home the Bacon"

★ **JOE GANS** had sleeping draught in both hands but was sick man when he met the **DURABLE DANE**, says **JOHN ALLEN** ★

MANY ring experts say that Joe Gans was the finest light-weight ever to duck beneath the ropes. He was not a stylist in the sense that one thinks of Len Harvey, or Harry Mizler, but science he possessed in abundance. When an opponent slammed over a punch, Joe, by some method, was able to escape injury. On the other hand, he possessed a "sleeping draught" in both his fists.

Yet Joe Gans, a negro, although he made a fortune after beating Frank Erne, and so winning the world crown, was never a happy man.

A dread disease gripped him a matter of a few weeks after his victory, and this made it essential for him to keep off hard training and weight reductions. Thus he refused, bearing this fact in mind, to meet any man at 133 pounds—which was the then light-weight limit—with the result that many people said he feared losing his title.

They did not know the true facts.

Anyway, Joe Gans waded through the welter-weight class, but so many folk made up his camp that he was more often than not broke. Eventually, when everything he possessed was mortgaged, he had to listen to a challenge—a challenge issued by perhaps the toughest boxer ever to enter the ring; a man of iron with an ice-cool brain, Battling Nelson, the Durable Dane. For some time Nelson had been knocking cold the outstanding light-weights, and the general opinion was that he would make short work of Joe Gans.

The experts were not so sure; they knew the brilliance of the always-broke negro.

Anyway, Gans was so poor that Battling Nelson's manager decided to beat the big drum. For instance, he claimed 23,000 dollars of the 34,000 dollars purse for Nelson, win, lose or draw—imagine a challenger getting these terms!—that Joe should have to weigh-in at the ringside and be inside 133 pounds, and that the fight should be to a finish!

The fight, which was staged in Nevada, was the first promoted by Tex Rickard, later to become the ace among boxing promoters, and the huge crowd gathered to witness the title fight expected Joe Gans to be sent staggering to the canvas in a matter of minutes.

But, again, they did not know Joe Gans!

And neither did Battling Nelson. In that fiery style one always associates with his name, he leapt from his corner—as if prodded in the seat with a pin—and received the surprise of his life when the grim-faced negro, smashing powerful left-hooks to head and "middle," sent him back to his corner in a most undignified manner!

Nelson was not to be beaten. He waded in to the attack with reckless fury, and Joe Gans had to take some punishment, but it was small compared with that he inflicted upon the challenger.

When the tenth round had been reached Battling Nelson looked a terrible sight. His face was tattered and bleeding. His mouth was swollen, and several teeth were missing. His

well-built body had large red patches which showed where Joe Gans' gloves had beat a series of heavy attacks.

In fact, Joe Gans' superiority was so marked that most of the people who went to the fight hoping to see him licked turn-coated and began to roar for the negro.

Battling Nelson had not gained a great reputation for nothing. He was a real fighting man. His blood was up, and he was determined to make the thin-faced, serious-looking negro pay in full for the hiding he had given him.

Yet Gans never once forgot that he was a boxer. The ribs showing through his ebony skin, and looking a sick man, he gave the Durable Dane a real lesson in the art of ringcraft and the picking of punches. Not once did Gans waste any energy; not once did he do anything which would aid his powerful-punching opponent.

By the time the thirty-fifth round had been reached both men showed signs of wear. Nelson, covered in blood, was still strong; Gans, weak because of his illness, less "wobbly," looked as if he were nearing the end.

Then something happened which altered Gans.

"You've lost your title, Joe!" shouted someone from the crowd—and Gans, snarling, leapt into Nelson as if the fight had just commenced. For a moment the Dane was too taken aback to do much. Then, warming up to things, he muttered, "So you want to mix it," and promptly sent across a right to Joe's jaw which should have sent the negro to dreamland.

But with a title at stake a champion can take almost anything. Joe Gans could, anyway!

For round after round they swapped punches, staggered towards each other, neither wanting to continue, both determined not to quit.

At last, in the forty-second round, after Gans had beautifully outboxed him, Battling Nelson darted in, and a hard right to Gans' groin sent the champ to the canvas.

Pandemonium broke loose around the ring; fights began among the spectators, and an ugly scene was threatened. But there was a firm man in the referee, and promptly he awarded the fight to Joe Gans, on a foul.

He was still the champion. And, when he had recovered and was able to sit up, the first thing he did was to send home a wire to his aged mother in Baltimore saying, "I'm bringing home the bacon."

And he did. Eventually, after losing his title to Nelson in a return match, the dying fighter returned home to spend his last days with his mother.

Yet the most remarkable thing about Joe Gans was that the crowd, who backed him in his greatest fight, did not know that he was battling with death as well as with one of the greatest fighters the prize-ring has ever known.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



Young Donald is getting around L.S. THOMAS STAIG

THE message from 2, Lower Terrace, Rotheay, is quite brief, Leading Seaman Thomas Staig, but the news is all good.

Your wife told us that everything at home is just as it was, and that although the rations need a little engineering, there is no need for you to have any concern about the food situation at home.

Young Donald is beginning to take an interest in life now, and adds somewhat to the confusion of cooking. But still, your wife is very happy; in fact, she confided, with you home it would be paradise. What more can we say to put your mind at rest?

Letters from Northumberland are cheery and frequent. Soon your wife wants to take the baby down to meet your folks.

Another item on that boy's programme will be swimming lessons. But that will have to await your leave and the day when he gets a little older.

More immediate plans are for the next leave, when you will be detailed to walk Donald around the town. And some long country walks will be popular with your wife. So many people stop Mrs.

Staig when she is shopping in the mornings, to ask after you that she is thinking of posting a notice on the front of the pram. The neighbours too are frequent enquirers.

Another man who invariably asks after you is Charlie McClure. He still works for the Corporation and is keeping cheerful as ever.

That's all the news from home sailor, except of course the most important part, which is in quotes, and signed by your wife. "All our love, Tom. Come home soon."

GROUSES

CAIRO'S world-famed Egyptian museum, closed since the outbreak of war, is to be re-opened soon after sanction is received from the Civil Defence authorities.

Soldiers who visit the museum will find evidence that throughout the ages "grouching" has been an integral part of Army life.

They will see complaints made in Pharaoh's time recorded on tablets handed into the orderly room 5,000 years ago.

One of the complaints was made by an officer who said he had wasted six days drawing his clothes from the quartermaster.

Another was by soldiers of a cat-feeding unit attached to a temple, stating that their sergeant, against all precedent, has forced them to make bricks.

USELESS EUSTACE



"And I say you're not comin' in till you do remember the password!"

A CHANGE OF TREATMENT

ROLICKING "TWO DAY" YARN

By W. W. JACOBS

"YES, I've sailed under some 'cute skippers in my time," said the night-watchman; "them that go down in big ships see the wonders o' the deep, you soon got known for'ard. But I know," he added with a sudden didn't think much about it, till chuckle, "but the one I'm going one day I seed old Dan'l Dennis to tell you about ought never to sitting on a locker reading. Every have been trusted out without 'is now and then he'd shut the book, ma. A good many o' my skippers an' look up, closing his eyes, an' had fads, but this one was the moving his lips like a hen drinking an' then look down at the book worst I ever sailed under."

"It's some few years ago now; again. I'd shipped on his barque, the John Elliott, as slow-going an old up? you ain't larning lessons at tub as ever I was aboard of, when your time o' life?" I wasn't in quite a fit an' proper state to know what I was doing, soft. "You might hear me say it, an' I hadn't been in her two days it's this one about heart disease." before I found out his 'obby "He hands over the book, through overhearing a few re- which was stuck full o' all-kinds of marks made by the second mate, diseases, and winks at me 'ard. who came up from dinner in a "Picked it up on a book-hurry to make 'em."

"I don't mind saws an' knives hung round the cabin," he ses to the fust mate, "but he ses to the fust mate, "but when a chap has a 'uman' and alongside 'is plate, studying it while folks is at their food, it's more than a Christian man can stand."

"That's nothing," ses the fust mate, who had sailed with the barque afore. "He's half crazy on doctoring. We nearly had a mutiny aboard once owing to his wanting to hold a post-mortem on a man what fell from the mast-head. Wanted to see what the poor feller died of."

"I call it unwholesome," ses the second mate very savage. "He offered me a pill at break-

fast the size of a small marble; quite put me off my feed, it did."

"Of course, the skipper's fad see the wonders o' the deep, you soon got known for'ard. But I know," he added with a sudden didn't think much about it, till chuckle, "but the one I'm going one day I seed old Dan'l Dennis to tell you about ought never to sitting on a locker reading. Every have been trusted out without 'is now and then he'd shut the book, ma. A good many o' my skippers an' look up, closing his eyes, an' had fads, but this one was the moving his lips like a hen drinking an' then look down at the book worst I ever sailed under."

"Why, Dan," I ses, "what's the matter, my man?"

"Yes, I am," ses Dan very state to know what I was doing, soft. "You might hear me say it, an' I hadn't been in her two days it's this one about heart disease."

"He hands over the book, which was stuck full o' all-kinds of marks made by the second mate, diseases, and winks at me 'ard. "Picked it up on a book-

stall," he ses; then he shut 'is stall, he ses; then he shut 'is eyes an' said his piece wonderful. It made me quite queer to listen to 'im. "That's how I feel,"

ses he, when he'd finished. "Just strength enough to get to bed. Lend a hand, Bill, an' go an' fetch the doctor."

"Then I see his little game, but I wasn't going to run any risks, so I just mentioned, per-miscous like, to the cook as old Dan seemed rather queer, an' went back an' tried to borrow the book, being always fond of reading. Old Dan pretended he was too ill to hear what I was saying, an' afore I could take it away from him, the skipper comes hurrying down with a bag in his 'and."



"What's the matter, my man?" to get some strong beef-tea on."

"I'm all right, sir," ses old Dan, "cept that I've been swoond-sooner gone, than Cornish Harry, a great big lumbering chap o' six feet two, goes up to old Dan, an' he ses, 'Gimme that book.'"

"Tell me exactly how you feel," ses the skipper, feeling his pulse. "Then old Dan said his piece come worrying 'ere; you 'eard over to him, an' the skipper shook the skipper say how bad my his head an' looked very solemn. prognostic was."

"How long have you been like this?" he ses. "Four or five years, sir," ses Dan. "It ain't nothing serious, split to the skipper arterwards. I believe I'm a bit consumptive."

"You lie quite still," ses the skipper, putting a little trumpet thing to his chest an' then listening. "Um! there's serious mischief here I'm afraid, the prognostic is very bad."

"Prog what, sir?" ses Dan, staring. "Prognostic," ses the skipper, at least I think that's the word he said. "You keep per-fectly still, an' I'll go an' mix you a draught, and tell the cook

got, my man," ses he, looking at Harry.

"Oh, it's nothing, sir," ses Harry, careless like. "I've 'ad it for months now off and on. I think it's perspiring so of a night does it."

"What?" ses the skipper. "Do you perspire of a night?" "Dreadful," ses Harry. "You could wring the clo'es out. I s'pose it's healthy for me, ain't it, sir?"

"Undo your shirt," ses the skipper, going over to him, an. at first, but the airs them two sticking the trumpet agin him' chaps give themselves was some-thing sickening. Being in bed all day, they was naturally wakeful of a night, and they used to call across the fo'c'sle inquiring arter each other's healths, an' waking us other chaps up. An' they'd swop beef-tea an' jellies with each other, an' Dan 'ud try an' coax a little port wine out o' Harry, which he 'ad to make blood with, but Harry 'ud say

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How does that medicine suit you, Dan?"

"Beautiful, sir," says Dan. "It's wonderful soothing, I slept like a new-born babe arter it."

"I'll send you some more," ses the skipper. "You're not to get up mind, either of you."

"All right, sir," ses the two in very faint voices, an' the skipper went away arter telling us to be careful not to make a noise."

"We all thought it a fine joke sticking the trumpet agin him' chaps give themselves was some-thing sickening. Being in bed all day, they was naturally wakeful of a night, and they used to call across the fo'c'sle inquiring arter each other's healths, an' waking us other chaps up. An' they'd swop beef-tea an' jellies with each other, an' Dan 'ud try an' coax a little port wine out o' Harry, which he 'ad to make blood with, but Harry 'ud say

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QUIZ for today

5. Who discovered the North Pole, and when?

6. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Assurance, Insurance, Inseparable, Inseverable, Inseperable.

Answers to Quiz

in No. 510

1. Foul smell.
2. Cuckoo-pint is a wild flower; cuckoo-spit is a froth produced by an insect.
3. Huguenots.
4. Glazed Italian pottery.
5. Amundsen, 14th December, 1911.
6. Only, Stony.

I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



THE "Praying Mantis," a development of the famous Spitfire line, designed in three weeks under high pressure, is the latest addition to the sea-going air power of the British Navy.

Officially known as the Seafire Mark III, this new fighter, details of which are now released, is a triumph of British aeronautical construction, and has solved a problem which was for long thought to be insoluble.

That problem was to combine, in carrier-based fighters, all the advantages of the Spitfire with space economy.

Spurred by the Admiralty need for fighter protection at sea far beyond the range of land-based aircraft, Vickers-Armstrong's technicians performed a surgical operation on the Supermarine Seafire II—itsself a modification of the Spitfire.

By folding its wing to reduce the span by nearly one-third, it allowed more Seafires to be carried in a given hangar or deck space.

Its name is derived from the peculiar resemblance of the Seafire when its wings are folded to the mantis, a pugnacious insect which waits for its prey in an attitude of prayer.

HAVE frequently heard talk of fly-weights, welter-weights, heavy-weights—these are commonplace. But I have found the "over-weight" of the ring.

At the age of 14, Dennis Sewell, Tottenham schoolboy member of the Langham Boxing Club, weighs 11st. 7lb. In an attempt to match this young giant, Mr. H. W. Adams, club secretary, has searched London, but without success.

Publicity being unavailing, Dennis finds himself outside the scope of schoolboy boxing. Even at his present weight he would be a stone too heavy for next year's A.B.A. national junior championships.

So Dennis, eager to fight his way to fame, must accept opponents much his senior and more experienced. He shaped well when, in his first public appearance, he fought an exhibition bout with J. W. P. Hockley, the new A.B.A. middle-weight champion.

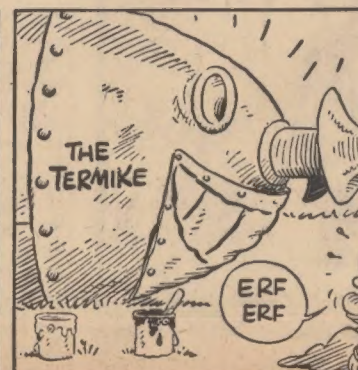
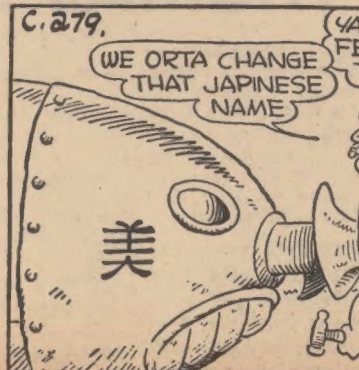
BELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



"So youse feelin' pale, huh?"

Good
Morning

GOSH!

MIRACLES DO
HAPPEN THEN

"Just as we were dreaming of sun-bleached verandahs and steaming jungles and ice clinking in tall glasses, and heavy-lidded ladies lying about all over the floor — who should appear but Marjorie Riordan, Warner's mirage, tempting us to break all the Ten Commandments before dinner. 'Boy! Another bottle of Scotch and the fixings, and hurry!'"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"What's she got
that I haven't?"

